THE

Northumberland Prophecy.

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THE *Northumberland* Prophecy: WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND A POSTSCRIPT.

By ANDREW SCHETHRUM, *Esq;*

Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas:
Magnus ab integro Seclorum naſcitur ordo.
Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto. Virgil.

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THE INTRODUCTION.

IN all inteſtine Commotions and Rebellions, the Minds of weak and timorous Men are ever doubtful of the Event, and curious to know what may be the Iſſue. Now there is not any Method, unleſs it be the uncertain one of Gueſs, by which Mortals can attain to the Knowledge of Futurity, but by the Spirit of Divination, which through the Indication of the Stars, can ſearch into Things that lie concealed from vul-

vulgar Eyes in the Womb of Time. In all Civil Wars therefore, it is obſervable, that the Generality of the People are fond of *Prophecies*, although they are delivered to them by the moſt ignorant of Mankind, and merit no more Credit than a *Romiſh* Legend. We ſee at this very Hour, with what greedineſs the Commonalty received the *Scotch Prophecy*, which I could eaſily demonſtrate to be merely the Fiction of an ingenious Brain, and not calculated from the various Aſpects of the Stars, with the Skill of an Adept. For though I have frequently converſed with the late famous Doctor *Partridge*, and am intimately acquainted with all the Rules of the ingenious *William Lilly*, yet from none of theſe Lights

Lights can I diſcover, that the *Pretender* will ever arrive at the Honour of being crowned King of *Perth*, But leaving this pleaſant Gentleman, who, I believe in my Conſcience, intended not that his Work ſhould paſs for an Aſtrological Prediction, but only for a beautiful Imitation of *Horace*, to amuſe and divert the Town; I turn my ſelf to an Affair of infinitely greater Importance, though of leſs Ingenuity.

----amoto quæramus ſeria ludo.

As I deſign to preſent the World with the moſt authentick *Prophecy* that has for theſe Five Hundred Years appeared in Print; I think my ſelf in Honour bound to relate the ſtrange and wonderful

Method

Method by which it firſt came to my Hands.

There are very few of the *Northern* Nobility or Gentry, eſpecially of thoſe that live in *Northumberland*, but are well acquainted with the Ancient and Noble Family of the *Schethrums* in that County; and it is well known that I am now poſſeſs'd of a fair and well timber'd Eſtate there: Upon one part of my Land, commonly called *Hodge-Down*, there ſtood two Cheſnut-Trees, of a more than ordinary Size and Antiquity; the Neighbours had given each of them a Nick-Name, the one they called *Hollow-belly*, and the other *Stiff-ſides*. Finding the former of theſe to be exceedingly decayed, I ordered it to be

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cut down to make Fuel, when to my great ſurprize, in grubbing up the Root, I found a Treaſure of old Gold, but ſo defaced through Time, that neither the Image nor Inſcription was to be diſtinguiſhed. This unexpected piece of good Fortune, encouraged me to fell the other Tree likewiſe; and at the Root of that Cheſnut, which the Country-Fellows had named *Stiff-ſides*, I diſcovered a ſmall Iron-Cheſt over-grown with Ruſt, which when I had beat to pieces, (inſtead of precious Stones that I expected to find) appeared to contain nothing but a thick Parchment Roll, ſealed at both ends with a *Wild Horſe*, much reſembling that upon the Coin of his preſent Majeſty; upon the outſide of this was written in An-

tique Characters the following Diſtich.

The wight, whae opes this Beuk, he mote abſteyne
Thre dayen, and nighten thre fre fleſh and wine:

As I am very ſuperſtitious in moſt Points, I determined to comply with the Directions, which were indorſed upon the Parchment, and ſent immediately to the Miniſter of my Pariſh, to intreat him to faſt out this ſhort Seaſon, and qualify himſelf for opening the Seals; but he gave me a peremptory refuſal, his Clerk having that Day brought him home a Sirloin of Beef from the Market: I then ſent all round the Country for ſome Scholar that would perform this piece of Abſtinence,

ſtinence, and could find but one poor Curate, pretty much accuſtomed to Faſting, who inſiſted upon Six Shillings Reward. Being incens'd at his unreaſonable Demand, and deſpairing to meet with a Layman that would undergoe this Penance, I determined to go through it my ſelf; and I was the more induced to do it by the Conſideration, that it would then be in my ſole Power, either to reveal what was contained in the Roll, or to preſerve it for ever an inviolable Secret.

Having then abſtained from Fleſh and Wine full three Days and ſome Minutes over, I opened the Book, and found it to be the Magical Writing of an Anceſtor of our Family. There-

in was contain'd the whole Hiſtory of our Poſterity, down to the Year 1925; with ſeveral curious Directions concerning the calculating of Nativities, and the making of *Taliſmans*. At the 35*th* Page I found a *Prophecy*, which ſeemed entirely to relate to the preſent Times, which I have faithfully copied out for the benefit of all faint-hearted *Britons*, and for the comfort of all thoſe brave and free-ſpirited Perſons, who are now engag'd in the Service of their King and Country.

THE

THE PROPHETIE.

FRe seventeen hondyed twanty yere,
Pluck out full five; and ye'le be nere:
That ilk tide, when straunge werk shall happen,
That shall make awd men kyke and gappen;
Thilk yere twa suns eclipst shall bee,
The like ne living wight did see.
Europe shall be in muckle frite,
Yet shall ne Fraunce with Spain unite.
A Philipe then in beth shall raign,
But the twa kingdoms shall be twain.
Thilk tide the pzieft of craft shall grumble,
Thilk tide Loon Antichzift gins tumble.

Thilk

Thilk tide, sad tide for plots and treason,
Thilk tide mote knaves swing by their weazon.
Whilk tide twa kerles shall Georges hight,
The ene a king, the ene a knight.
The knight mun werk to be a king,
And slip his craag into a string;
A cheistain yong but sterk mote sconce
The perthen traitours for the nonce.
Then that ilk George the king yeleped
Shall lay his foemen fast asleped.
Whilk day, braw kerles, bear it in honde,
Aw things gang wæl in awd Englonde.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

AFter I had ſeveral times, with the utmoſt Attention, peruſed theſe wonderful Predictions, I was of Opinion, that many of the obſolete Words, and enigmatical Expreſſions contain'd in them, would appear obſcure to a modern Reader, and indeed, ſome Paſſages in them were not very intelligible to me. On purpoſe therefore to be cleared in all my Doubts, I took a Journey up to Town, and made a Viſit to an old Acquaintance of mine in the *Middle-Temple*, beſeeching him to direct me to ſome profound Aſtrologer, whom I might conſult with Succeſs upon ſo nice an Occaſion. He told me, *That*

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he knew but one of that Tribe, whose Integrity and Learning he durſt rely on; that he lived in a retired Place, called Whites-Alley, *behind* Bonds-Stables, *near* Fetter-Lane, *that his Name was Doctor* Williams; *that he was now in the Seventy fifth Year of his Age, and had for Fifty Years dwelt in that very Place, in a continual good Correſpondence with the Stars; and that if any one could ſatisfie my Doubts, it muſt be that venerable Sage. He laſt of all aſſured me, that his very Countenance would convince me of his Abilities, for never Man carried ſuch manifeſt Tokens of ſomething more than ordinary in his Face.*

I made no delay, but went immediately to the Place, which my good Friend had directed me to, and

and ſoon found out a Houſe ſo well known to all the Neighbours. Upon knocking at the Door, a beautiful Serving-maid, after having firſt taken a view of me from the Window, came down to let me in. I enquired of her, *If the Conjurer were at home?* *Sir*, anſwered ſhe, *the Doctor is now at home, but I can aſſure you he is no Conjurer, for he does not reſolve any Queſtion concerning ſtoll'n Goods; but if you deſire to have your Nativity caſt, or to know whether any Thing you are now undertaking ſhall proſper, there is no Man can give you more ſatisfaction.* I ſmiled at the pretty Creature's Simplicity, and deſired her to conduct me to the Doctor, which ſhe inſtantly did. But if I was much ſurpriz'd at the Innocence and Beauty of the Maid, I

was much more ſo, at the odd Figure of the Maſter: He was ſeated in an Elbow-Chair, with half a dozen Night-Caps of a yellowiſh Caſt upon his Head; his Eyes were ſunk deep into his Forehead, and before them ſwelled out a Noſe of ſuch prodigious Dimenſions, as will almoſt ſeem fabulous to relate; it covered much the greater part of his Face, and ſo bounded the Necromancer's Horizon, that I believe I may ſafely affirm, that he never ſaw any Thing but his Noſe in his Life; at the bottom of this exorbitant Feature, grew two great Wenns from each Noſtril, and took up that part of the Face, which Men who affect to look Terrible, reſerve for Whiskers; to make his Deformity compleat, his Mouth

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was of ſo diminutive a Cut, that it could ſcarce receive a Pill of a more than ordinary Size. After I had ſpent ſome time in gazing at this monſtrous Philoſopher, I diſcovered to him that I was in the Room; and having acquainted him with my Buſineſs, read over my Prophecy three times to him; he commanded me to withdraw for ten Minutes, and ordered his Servants to remove all the Candles out of the Room, and to ſet a Baſon of Brandy and Salt burning upon the Table. After the Time preſcribed, I was recalled into the *Sage*'s Chamber, who broke forth into theſe Expreſſions, *This Prophecy, Son* Andrew, *is written by the moſt knowing of all, that ever ſtudied the Stars; a greater Man than even* Noſtradamus; *it was*

that famous Anceſtor of thine, Zoroaſter Schethrum, *he, who inſtructed that Prince of Aſtrology,* Carden. *Now, leſt the World ſhould loſe this Prediction, for want of an Interpreter, thou ſhalt write down the Meaning of it from my Mouth.*

I obey'd, and after having wrote what follows, took my leave of the Doctor.

THE

THE
Prophecy Explain'd.

FRom ſeventeen hundred twenty Year, ſubſtract five, and you are near the Time; That very Time when ſtrange Things ſhall come to paſs, ſuch as ſhall make old Men ſtare and gape for wonder. That ſame Year two Suns ſhall be eclips'd, the Sun in the Firmament, and the K. of *France*, whoſe Device was the Riſing Sun, the like of which was never ſeen before. *Europe* ſhall be in a Conſternation, but that Fear ſhall vaniſh, when they ſee *France* and *Spain* cannot be united in one Perſon.

ſon. A *Philip* ſhall indeed reign in both, *Philip* V. in *Spain*, and *Philip* Duke of *Orleans*, who ſhall be Regent of *France*, and ſtill the two Kingdoms ſhall be in diſtinct Intereſts: In theſe Times wicked Clergymen ſhall be diſcontented and diſaffected, and the Power of the Pope of *Rome* begin to decline. Theſe Times ſhall be ſad Times for Plots and Treaſons, for perjur'd Villains ſhall be hang'd. In thoſe Times two Perſons ſhall be called *George*, the one *King George*, and the other *Chevalier St. George*. The *Chevalier* ſhall make an Attempt upon the Kingdom, and by that means ſlip his Neck into a Nooſe. The Duke of *Argyle*, that young, that brave and active General, ſhall diſcomfit all the Traiterous

Rebels

Rebels in *Scotland*, and ſo King *George* ſhall ſee all his Foes deſtroyed. From that Day, gallant Countrymen, all Things ſhall go well in old *England*.

N. B. If the Duke of *Argyle* [illegible] not been too quick, and my Printer too ſlow, this Prophecy had been publiſhed before it was fulfilled.

FINIS.